

# RESTORATION

VOL. VII.

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No. 10.

## Lady Prudence Becomes Gloriously Imprudent

By Catherine de Hueck

Lady Prudence was born mature; one could not say old, because she looked ageless in a way. But there was about her youthfulness a primness, a seriousness, that set her apart even among her equals. Her walk was slow, deliberate. She never seemed to want to run, or go somewhere hurriedly. No. Always she walked sedately, as old, old people do.

### Not The Impulsive Sort

In her own way, she was quite beautiful. But her serious expression, her deep concentration, her slowness to come to any decision before she had examined minutely every side, every angle, of a given question, made her look drab, gray, older—though of course no man living could ever tell her age, nor did even history remember when she started walking on earth. It seemed she had always been here.

Lady Prudence really belonged to the retine of Lady Wisdom, but strange as this may seem, the latter, though she always asked Lady Prudence's advice (even if it took a long time forthcoming), did not always follow it. It was noticed that if and when Lady Prudence lingered alone, and decided to move with this man, or that ruler, the man suddenly became fearful, overcautious, and began to take the longest time to come to any decisions.

And, when he finally did come to decide, his verdict was always austere, cold, lifeless! Other men, while admiring the prudence of these decisions somehow felt cold and uncomfortable, for they sensed, or knew, that something was missing from these models of lucidity. What was missing was anybody's guess.

### The Fruition Of Time

Centuries came. Centuries went, and each year got to know the slow, sedate step of Lady Prudence. Time, catching sight of her cold serious face, tried to make her smile. He never succeeded.

One day Lady Prudence was walking through Palestine. In a small village she was attracted to a strange and blinding light that enveloped a house. She looked through the shining walls and saw a woman-child sitting upright on an old-fashioned chair. At her feet was an angel, practically prostrated. The girl was speaking softly but clearly, telling the angel that though she was a Virgin she was also a handmaid of God and was ready to do whatever God wanted Her to do.

For once Lady Prudence was deeply moved and a warm smile almost reached her face . . . but then she frowned, became serious and business-like, and shook her head in dismay. All this was highly imprudent! What a

scandal it would create! What of the girl's husband, Joseph? There should have been much more thought given by that lovely girl child, to the angel's words.

### Prudence Is Disturbed

Still shaking her head, Lady Prudence slowly walked away, muttering and wondering. Though she travelled in many countries and climes, Palestine kept attracting her. In a few years she was back again . . . walking its villages and towns, seeking she did not quite know whom or what. Maybe the extraordinary woman-child who was so strangely imprudent in a holy way.

She did not find her; but when she came to a well in Samaria, she found One who almost made her forget the girl. One look at His face and Prudence knew He was an extraordinary man.

Having been so long in the retine of Wisdom, and being wise in her own manner too, she thought for a moment that surely this wonderful stranger was a more than just a Man.

But then a Samaritan woman came to the well. The Man, unmistakably a Jew, knew all about her. He was aware that, in a manner of speaking, she was a loose woman; for she had five "husbands," four of whom really were not her husbands at all. Nevertheless, He was drinking out of her water jar and telling her most extraordinary things about God and the things of God. Most imprudent, Lady Prudence thought! Truly scandalizing! She turned her face and walked in the direction of the bluish hills.

That night she was disturbed. She worked hard at the two puzzles, (for they seemed somehow connected), way into the wee hours of the morning. Then, unable to come to any conclusion, a rare thing indeed for her, she went back and found the Strange Man. She followed Him wherever He went.

She heard Him tell about the poor . . . the meek . . . the pure of heart. She heard him say that those who would lose their lives would find it. It all seemed so "imprudent" that she would go away again. And she would allow many days to pass before seeking Him once more.

### Prudence Is Puzzled

She watched Him eat with Publicans, and allow a fallen

woman to kiss His feet and anoint them with perfumed oil. Again and again she was both puzzled and angry at the imprudent ways of Him. She longed to stop Him and have speech with Him, and point out how much and how often He erred in the ways of prudence. But somehow she could not find courage to do so.

Exasperated she shook the dust of Palestine off her sandalled feet, and betook herself elsewhere. But it was no use. He haunted her. She had to see Him again.

This time she met Him in a narrow cobbled street. His face was swollen and bloody. He was stumbling, and falling under the weight of an enormous cross.

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## To Eat Our Not To Eat This Is Our Question

By Eddie Doherty

The boys and girls at Madonna House have taken to the woods, the hillsides, and the fields, in quest of food. The blackberries are ripe, and there are thousands of them in the bush, just daring you to pick them.

The raspberries were plentiful this year, and a few vines have lingered into this delightful bright September. There are goose-berries too,

and choke cherries, and wild plums; and there are tons of apples, and crab-apples, which can be found most everywhere.

### Deluded Mushrooms

There are mushrooms also, standing sturdy and erect, their red caps trying to hide, beneath the black berry brambles. How human they are, these beautiful red fungi! They seek the shade and safety of the rambling vines, actually believing the thorns will hide and protect them. And what happens? One sees the blackberry. He picks it. And, naturally, he sees the mushroom he might not — otherwise — have discovered. Thus the protector becomes the betrayer.

"Put not your trust in

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## Yukon Lay Missioners Getting Set For Winter

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, has been a busy place for the past months. As I review the various happenings of each week, it seems as though we have been in the Yukon for years. Yet when I go down town to shop or to ask painters, plumbers, carpenters and the civic authorities about the way certain work is done in this northern town, I realize we have been here only a short time and are still amateurs in many ways.

### Hammer, Hammer, Hammer

Our building project is progressing satisfactorily. The framework is completed. The outside shingles are on. And the roof refuses to admit the rain. The inside walls are finished in Dononaona, a pulp product about half an inch thick which comes in sheets, four by eight feet. It is used a great deal in the north because it is cheaper than any other building material.

to visit. As I chat with them I wish Maryhouse were a rich place and I could bring fruit, candy, ice cream and cigarettes to the patients. I know the children who are convalescing there would enjoy color books, jig-saw puzzles, and easy games. It would help to cheer the long hours for them. Perhaps some day we will have a small hospital fund that will enable us to do so.

### The Sunday Roundup

On Sunday morning, we start off at nine o'clock in our half-ton truck, "Mickey" to take the Indian people and some elderly people, who are unable to walk very far, to the ten o'clock Mass. We enjoy meeting these people every Sunday. And each week there are new faces. The Catholic Indians from the surrounding villages of Atlin, Teslin, Cormacks, and Burwash who are in town for the week-end come along to church with us.

Many people visit us, Bishop Couder, the Oblate Missionaries, the Sisters, our neighbors, and sometimes people from far away who have heard that there is a new Friendship House Foundation in Canada and are anxious to see it. We are especially delighted when our dear bishop knocks on the door. We know that we are going to have an evening of wonderful stories and pleasant chatter. The bishop has a thousand stories of his experiences as a missionary. We are all ears when he tells us incidents from the lives of the pioneer priests that speak of zeal, dedication, courage and perseverance.

We love to hear about his trips by dog team, canoe, bush plane and jeep as he visits his missions. We learn a great deal about the country and the customs of the people from him.

### A Happy Trio

We are a happy trio as we kneel for the blessing of our saintly bishop before he departs. We are fortunate to have met most of the priests of the vicariate and are filled with new zeal after a chat with them.

And yet, if you could do a bit of eavesdropping, you would know how much we miss Madonna House and our friends back home. You would detect a little tinge of lonesomeness which, of course, is only natural. Our

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# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

September, the month of many feast days. Our Lady's birthday. The Exaltation of the Cross. The Seven Dolors of Mary. And others.

Yet mind and heart seems to be attracted to the CROSS. Perhaps because nature all around about bedecks itself at this time of year, in a blaze of glory and colors, perhaps to make a fitting background of all shades of gold and yellows—for the great feast of the Exaltation of the Cross . . . the Sign of our Salvation.

Who these days "exalts" the Cross in their souls, hearts, minds, and lives?

Mankind in a frenzy of strange fears, spends its time and money to escape the Cross and all it stands for. Far from "exalting it" men want to abolish it, forget it, erase it from their lives.

Catholic mediocrity, that rests content with the minimum, or with individual sentimental piety in which the word "I" is so predominant, is mediocre and individual because souls — walking slowly the ways of spiritual life and growth — inevitably approach Golgotha and the Cross, and once both are seen clearly, fears enter in.

The stark nakedness of the Holy Wood, is a fearsome sight, and the fears it begets turn many from a full joyous Christian life, throwing them back into that spiritual mediocrity in which one can hide the Cross from oneself, for a while at least.

Yet the Lord does not permit this hiding to be of long duration — for never was there a century in which the Cross blazed so clearly or so high above the earth.

Strange this paradox, this eternal sign of contradiction! The salvation of the human race today and tomorrow, as yesterday, depends on accepting the exaltation of the Cross of Christ.

Modern rejection brings it, with its full weight, into the midst of the people.

Acceptance would make it yield its sweet secret of lightness, love, and holy joy.

Strange and perverse generation! Madly we seek to escape its holy weight. By doing so we lie prostrate under all its pain.

For behold our fears, the ever-increasing darkness around about us . . . the ever-narrowing confines of the so called "free world" . . . the ever-closer stench of the breath of the Beast. We try to throw off the weight of the Holy Wood, given to us for our salvation — and the crushing weight of the sickle and hammer falls upon us with all it stands for.

Oh Holy Wood! Whisper to us the secret hidden in you. Tell us of the Love that died in your embrace. Tell us of the freedom and peace that you hold out to those who love you. Show us how to exalt you within our fearful hearts, how to shape our loves on your Cruciformity!

You are the weapon that will save us from the Beast, who, like a roaring lion, seeks whom he may devour.

Oh Holy Cross! Speak to us of Him who loved us so much as to die on your reluctant breast. Speak so that we may learn to love in return — and, ceasing to be mediocre, become holocausts of love, lifted up on you!

September, the month of many feasts, of nature singing her song of love in all the notes of a symphony of yellow and gold. A bride bedecked for her Beloved!

Let us, bedecking our souls in courage and love, exalt the Cross of Christ in our daily life.

Then, and only then, will we know its sweet secret, its feathery weight, its everlasting joys.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

It would be easy to say I recognized immediately that these two were extraordinary nuns. But that would not be true. I am one of those men who realize there are no ordinary women; and who know, therefore, that there can be no ordinary nuns.

No. There is something about a nun, any nun, that is much beyond the ordinary. One senses it immediately. Maybe it is the fact that this woman belongs to God. Maybe it is something else. Sometimes it is a lot of something else.

A View — Hello!

This pair of Mother Elizabeth Seton's daughters came into my bedroom, with a number of friends, one Sunday afternoon during our Summer School, and extraordinary things began immediately to happen.

I did not know just how extraordinary these two Sisters of Charity were when I first saw them. But it didn't take long to find out.

"What a beautiful view you have from these windows," one of them exclaimed. "That's more than a little compensation for lying here in bed all these months, isn't it?"

She went closer to the window. And she startled me. "Look," she almost screamed. "A Chinese priest!"

There was an excitement in her that was impossible to classify. I thought at first that she was alarmed. Then I thought she was overcome with some sort of hysterical happiness. Then — then I heard her shouting out words in a loud sing-song voice. And for the fraction of a second I thought she was jeering at the priest — trying to talk Chinese to him, or at him.

Pieces Of China

While I was still trying to make some sense out of it, the voice of the Chinese priest came up from the front lawn — a voice as full of jumbled emotion, and as shrill, as the Sister's words to him.

The puzzle was solved when Fr. Joe came bounding up the stairs and rushing into the room to greet the Sisters, to beam at them, and at us, and to keep talking to them — and with them — in the same sing-song Chinese words.

"Imagine!", one of the Sisters kept repeating for our benefit. "Imagine seeing a Chinese priest here in Combermere. Oh, isn't God good? Imagine!"

One of those Sisters of Charity had served for 27 years in China. The other had served for 18 years. Both had been driven out of the country some months ago by the Reds; and this was the first bit of China they had encountered since then.

Musical Prayers

That evening, during the Rosary after Benediction in our Chapel, the Sisters said a decade in the language they loved so much. It fell on our ears like music. It WAS music. And I wouldn't be surprised to learn that it had more influence with heaven—in determining the future of the world — than all the diplomatic voices raised in efforts to bring about a universal peace.

You might like to know, too, that Catherine said the next decade in Russian!

Whatever the Reds were doing in their part of the

world, their countries were represented that evening before the throne of God!

The Sisters stayed at Madonna House for several days; and I talked to them many times about their experiences in China, their love for the Chinese people, their belief in the future of that people, and their hopes for the future of the Church in Asia.

One of their stories was particularly grim. It concerned a pagan girl who had been a day-pupil in their school, and who might have been a convert had it not been for the Red propagandists.

## The B's Corner

For once I truly wish I had time to write a book about Madonna House and Combermere. It would not really be a book about either, nor even about the people who pass through its Blue Door or live within its white walls.

It would be a book about the goodness of God, the mighty breath of the Holy Spirit, that now and then seems to be poised over white house and blue door and all who are therein; and it would be about Our Lady, Mediatrix of all Graces, and the wonderful ones she sends or brings here.

But Who's Got Time?

But then, where is the time to write a book like that? And from whence would come the skill? For our poor human minds and our halting tongues fold their wings and become dumb before the miracles of God's mercy and grace. So I guess, the book will never be written. Except in heaven, by angelic recorders. Yet I want to share our joy and gladness with you, dear friends who so often hear of our needs and worries.

Truly, this was an extraordinary summer. The Summer School of Catholic Action opened, as usual, on the first Monday of July. Father A. Nolan of Sarnia and Father Bernard Kelly of Providence, R.I., were the priestly team who gave the lectures on CATHOLIC ACTION — its principles and foundations.

The next week brought Fr. Eric of Collegeville, Minn., and Fr. Hilary, a Passionist Priest to give the MASS LIVED.

Mary Week brought Fr. Roger Charest and Fr. Gervais — the first a Montfort Father, the second a Carmelite . . . and at the end of it, 33 people became slaves of Mary. Subsequently 17 others put on Mary's Chains.

Fr. Robert of Antigonish, gave the Co-operative Movement week, and Fr. W. Dore, a Basilian, the week of RESTORING THE FAMILY TO CHRIST.

Brilliance Gets Awarded

To describe the holiness, the knowledge, and the graces brought to all who participated in these hallowed weeks is beyond my capacity, though in truth grace was palpable in the house.

There was a brilliant man among those present, whose trained and widely read intellect could not, at first, accept the truths of the Catholic Faith . . . And yet . . . he was baptized in it, during Mary's week . . . joyfully taking the name of Joseph. To us this was a visible miracle of God's grace . . . but then one has to know the man and the circumstances, to realize the extent of the grace, and of our joy.

There was another man . . . fallen away from the Church for more years than anyone cares to reckon. He was bitter. He would have nothing to do with religion, or with us. He did not even want to bring his Catholic wife to Madonna House.

He did not want "to come near the darn place" he said, if he could help it. But here, two days before his vacation started, he changed his mind. He came. He talked to one of the wonderful priests visiting here, and one morning, early we saw him at Mass and Communion!

(Continued on Page Three)



Reds Corrupt The Young

"The Reds love to stir up the young people, especially students, and turn them against their elders," the Sisters told me. "They send young people into the schools, infiltrating. These boys and girls are well trained. They are sly, insidious, careful, diabolical. They take their time, but they are thorough. They have done frightful damage everywhere."

"The poor pagan child in our school was badly affected by them. She was incited to such a rage against God that she went into the Church to show her hatred and contempt. It was around Christmas, and the crib was still standing near the altar, with the "Child" lying in it. She took the doll up out of the crib, turned it over, and put it face down in the crib. She went over to the bishop's chair, sat in it, and did a few other things to show her feelings.

God Have Mercy!

"As she ran out, another girl hailed her and asked her to come home with her and spend the night. She said she wouldn't. The other girl insisted. The little pagan fled. She ran into a Chinese shop to escape her pursuer. There was a hole in the earth just back of that shop. Before she could stop herself, she fell into it and broke her neck.

"The Catholic doctor was called. He saw the girl was dead. But he let them take the body to the hospital that he might be sure. Later, a few days later, the Reds said he was responsible for the girl's death. How, they asked, did he know she was dead when he didn't examine her with his stethoscope? And the girl's parents held our school responsible, for she had been a pupil there. So we had to pay the expenses of the funeral."

One thing the Sisters

(Continued on Page Four)

# COMBERMERE

By Catherine

(To continue our account of Madonna House, and what "we do.")

Though Madonna House does not have a press of its own, it publishes a monthly paper, RESTORATION, which is dedicated to the clarification of Catholic Social thought. It has the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ont., our ordinary. Restoration is a member of the Catholic Press Association. Its subscription price is one dollar a year. At present it has over three thousand subscribers, and their numbers are growing daily.

The following Pamphlets are available also — from our "press."

1. Staff Workers of Friendship House (Canadian Province) ..... 25c
2. Madonna House Lay Apostles ..... 10c
3. Visiting Volunteers of Friendship House (Canada) ..... 10c
4. Guests of Friendship House (Canada) ..... 10c
5. Service (what does M. H. do?) ..... 10c
6. Auxiliaries of Madonna House ..... 10c
7. The Stations of the Cross (a meditation) 25c  
(All written by Catherine De Hueck Doherty)

#### A Monthly Letter

Besides the above, A FRIENDSHIP HOUSE OUTER CIRCLE LETTER is available to anyone interested, free of charge. Just send name and address.

This Monthly Letter deals with a variety of topics that may be summarized as — GOD AND THE THINGS OF GOD. It began at the request of a few Friendship House friends who could not attend the various open-forums and seminars. Now it has grown into a service for some 2,000 people. It is sent out monthly.

While we are on the subject of writing and printing,

#### YUKON LAY MISSIONERS

(Continued from Page One) daily mail is avidly devoured. We are happy to hear from those who have been friends of Friendship House for years. Your letters encourage us. We feel the closeness and unity that exists among people whose greatest desire is to see Christ's Kingdom extended on earth.

Pray that we may do our bit as He wants us to.

#### LADY PRUDENCE

(Continued from Page One) She beheld a man from Cyrene helping Him to carry His heavy burden.

It was then that something strange happened to Lady Prudence. Throwing caution to all winds she made her way, running and stumbling in her haste. Then grabbing the cross, she lifted it so high it barely touched His wounded shoulder!

No one, of course, saw Her do it. All thought it was Simon of Cyrene who was doing it.

But He knew. Together Incarnate Love, who was God, and Lady Prudence walked to the holy hill. There she met again the girl-child, now a woman — His Mother. With Her and Mary of Magdala, Lady Prudence kept the long tragic vigil. She saw the tomb sealed.

a word must be said about our "writing apostolate" as a whole. Besides Eddie Doherty and Catherine De Hueck Doherty, who both write books and articles constantly, other members of the group contribute to the Catholic Press.

**Madonna House Lecture Forum** — Speakers from the Staff of Madonna House are available, on request, for engagements in Parishes, Sodalities, High Schools and Colleges, as well as other Catholic Organizations.

Anyone interested in having speakers on the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, or other timely Catholic topics, may write for information to Miss Dorothy Phillips, Madonna House, Combermere.

#### Popes Are For It

**Cooperatives and Credit Unions** — The whole Friendship House Apostolate is interested in promoting and helping the entire cooperative movement, remembering that the Popes recommend it as a good way of liberating credit and redistributing goods.

**Parish Work** — Madonna House, as well as every branch of the Movement everywhere, considers its primary obligation is to assist, help and in every way promote, all the works of the Parish, which to them, as to all Catholics, is the GATEWAY OF GRACE. It is with great joy that the Madonna House group stands ready to assist the parish priest in any needed work or fundraising project.

**Scholarships** — The Madonna House Apostolate is vitally interested in youth, especially in providing Catholic education. It maintains two local scholarships for grade and high schools; and, whenever possible, helps with Seminary Scholarships, for such young men as have received or clarified their August vocations in Madonna House.

Then she walked away.

She was no longer the old cold serious Lady Prudence everyone knew. Wisdom was first to note the change. And from that day she has always listened carefully to what Prudence has to say. Because now Prudence was prudent not with her own wisdom, nor with that of men . . . but with that of God.

Everyone knows that this kind of holy prudence seems awfully imprudent at times to men. But oh how pleasing it is to God!

#### Freight Rate To Yukon

Freight Rates to "Maryhouse," Whitehorse, Yukon, \$5.11½ for 100 lbs. This is the cheapest rate. It is better to collect 100 lbs, for you must pay almost the same price for freight under 100 lbs.

Address: Miss Mamie Legris, via Vancouver, B.C., to be forwarded by C.P.R. Boat to: Miss Mamie Legris, c/o "Maryhouse," Whitehorse, Yukon.

The post office receives only up to 25 lbs.

#### TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT

(Continued from Page One) princes," might have been written for mushrooms as well as men. (It is as little heeded by the one as by the other.)

On their half-holidays, the Staff Workers, the Applicants, the Visiting Volunteers, and occasionally some of the guests, go into God's free outdoor help-yourself supply rooms, carrying baskets. And they spend hours gathering food.

Others are contriving various kinds of snares and traps in the hope of capturing some of the wild rabbits or game birds that abound in this vicinity. (Think of coming to supper some fine evening to find a hare in your soup!) And as for fishing — !

You might like to know that the first wild rabbit snared was not a rabbit at all. He was a porcupine. He made a delicious roast!

The boys and girls do not mean to starve if they can help it. But they do mean to keep religiously to what they seriously refer to as "a starvation diet."

#### Beat The Squirrels

"If we have to have meat, we'll kill the chickens, and the pigs. The river's full of fish, and maybe the boys can get some birds and rabbits. We have a lot of garden stuff, including a whole field of potatoes. But suppose we don't eat the new potatoes now! Suppose we let them grow. Then we'll not have to buy so many later on. Besides, potatoes are \$2.50 a bag right now. In November or December we may be able to get them for much less. Or we can do without them.

"We will have plenty of corn, it seems, and cucumbers, and lettuce; and in a few weeks the woods will have more hazel nuts than we can carry home. Let's get them, though, before the squirrels have stolen them from us. I don't trust those squirrels."

"The Bee," was astonished. And somewhat doubtful.

"The point is," she observed, "that nobody will go hungry. But it will be a monotonous diet. You will get mighty tired of it. Fish. Rice. Macaroni. Spaghetti. Beans. Beaucoup de beans! Bread and jelly. Bread and

"The Bee" could take another "starvation diet," another monotonous menu. But could these kids?

They said they could. They pleaded for the chance to show they could. And the chance was given them.

"If this gets noised about," one of the Staff Workers commented, "everybody who hears about it will say 'How wonderful those kids are!' But, really, there's nothing wonderful about it. It's just plain common sense. If it's a question of our stomachs or our souls, I'll take the soul every time.

#### To Eat Or Not To Eat?

"It isn't much of a sacrifice at that. The life here is hard, and I ain't kidding. So many, many little things we do are harder than going without meat and butter and sugar and desserts and fancy dishes. But, if we don't learn to give up foods we like, we won't go on doing the harder things — such, for instance, as showing our love to each other when we don't feel like loving anything or anybody; or like saying 'what else can I do?' when we're dead tired and don't think we can lift hand or foot to do another blessed thing.

"Oh, it's going to be tough. But it'll do us good. It will do Madonna House some good too. It may get us out of the red ink and into the black. But, more important, it may start a precedent.

"And it may show people that boys and girls in their teens and twenties are eager, and even glad, to suffer for a principle, for a cause, for an idea, or for a woman they respect and love!"

#### THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two) Our Lady of Combermere, as we fondly call Mary, gently led him to Her Son. That we know.

#### Miracles And Miracles

But to witness baptisms, (for there was yet another, of a young boy), returns to the Sacraments (there were several others) and to witness other deep human joys at finding God again, and to know that, in a small way, by providing just such a meeting place for souls, we, the Staff of Madonna House, helped these works of grace, this beggars all expression.

The wonder the gladness of it all, just catches one's breath. The heart wants to shout and sing and let the world know of our joy.

But when I try to put these gossamer things of the spirit into human clumsy words, so little of their sheer beauty seems to remain that I want to cry in frustration. And yet why should I?

I, a sinner have been given the infinite privilege of this new-old vocation to the Lay Apostolate, F.H. style!

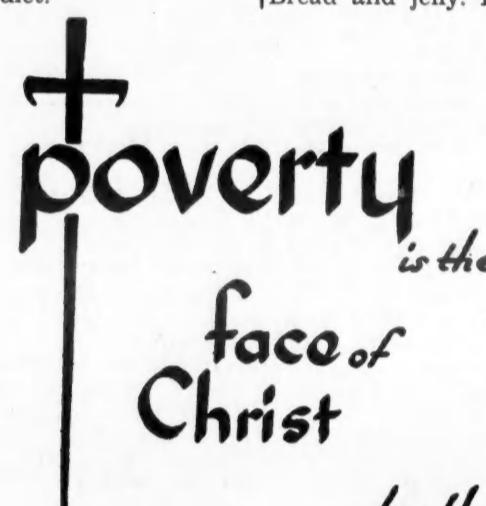
I wake up in the morning and lay myself down to sleep at night wondering, wondering "how come this should happen to me?" I have no words with which to thank Mary and Jesus!

We all feel like that. And yet years roll on and graces keep pouring.

#### Till Death Do Us Part

There was a wedding. A young girl and a young man came last Christmas to visit us. He was a convert, and she worried a bit about him — but we all got along famously together.

Like so many others, they fell in love with the House of Mary, and when the time of their wedding approached (Continued on Page Four)



Leon bloy

#### "Beaucoup De Beans!"

The idea of living on a "starvation diet" originated with the Staff Workers — "the kids" — not with the director. Dot Phillips put it this way.

"Bee, we know you are in debt. We know you are begging for money. And we know you'll get it. We believe in prayer as much as you do. And we are praying as earnestly as you for cash enough to meet all our bills and to carry us through the winter.

"But we think we should do more than pray. We think we should mortify ourselves as well, especially in our appetites. We feel it would be a good thing if Madonna House didn't buy a single item of food for, say, three months. Thus we wouldn't be spending any money; and we'd be saving whatever comes in as an answer to our begging letter. I've talked to all the kids and they are unanimous on the subject.

We'll eat only what we have on hand until, say, November 15th — if it lasts that long.

"We'll live on rice and beans and macaroni and spaghetti — we have a lot of this stuff in the house. The girls will do without sugar; but we think the boys should have it. Sugar is energy and the boys work hard. They need all the energy sugar can give them. We have plenty of flour. So we'll live on bread too. But no butter or margarine. We'll make apple sauce, apple butter, blackberry jelly, raspberry and choke-cherry jam. We'll use the mushrooms in soups and omelets. Thank the Lord we have eggs.

jam. Bread and tea. Stale bread and tea. Boiled potatoes. Fried potatoes. Mashed potatoes without butter. Baked potatoes without butter. Corn without butter. Lettuce and radishes and onions and cucumbers, with dry bread and tea. Boiled vegetable marrow with dry bread and tea. Vegetable soup with dried wild mushrooms and bread and tea. It will be an experiment — "

"And an experience," one of the Staff Workers could not help crying. "A great spiritual experience, a great spiritual adventure."

"The Bee" sighed. She had known actual starvation, and that in her early days. She had known years of monotonous diets.

There was the time she and her fledglings lived for weeks on corn flakes and tea. There was the night the parish priest gave her and her girls permission to eat the left-over beef-stew!

#### Not Friday Catholics

It was Friday, but there was nothing else in the kitchen but that stew. (Two zealous Catholic women came in during that pathetic dinner. One opened her pocketbook and took out a \$5 bill. She was about to donate it when she smelled the meat. "Humph," she said. "Eating meat on Friday! What hypocrites!" She snapped her purse shut viciously, and took herself and her friend forever away from "the Bee".

There was the time she used to go from door to door, in the city of Toronto, with a basket, begging for left-over food that she might feed the hungry men who came to Friendship House.

**THE B'S CORNER**

(Continued from Page Three)  
ed, they decided to get married in Combermere.

The nuptial Mass took place at our parish church. All the married couples who were here for the family week, renewed their marriage vows. The wedding breakfast was served at Madonna House. Its joy, simplicity, and beauty is also beyond my ability to write. One thing I know — neither they nor we will ever forget the happy holy event.

Yes, I wish I had time to write a book about Madonna House in Combermere, which would not really be a book about us, or the friends who come from near and far, but about Our Lady, Mediatrix of all graces, and Her Divine Son who came to dwell with us in the Marian Year, and on the great feast day of Her Immaculate Conception.

Maybe some day I will at least try.

**What Is A Saint?**

By N. DeWitt

What is a saint?  
A saint is a lover.  
Lover of God.  
Lover of men,  
Poor  
Sinners.

What is a saint?  
A carpenter  
Who hammers the flesh  
Of self,  
Of selfishness,  
Of envy,  
Of appetite,  
Of pride.

What is a saint?  
A poet  
Who sees God in  
Work,  
Fatigue,  
Disappointments,  
In the clouds of the sky,  
And hears His voice when  
Birds sing, and children  
laugh.

What is a saint?  
A saint is one who  
Fears not men's  
Smirks,  
Taunts,  
Whispers,  
Laughter,  
But who  
Continues to  
DO,  
And  
BE,  
And  
WILL  
What the Spirit of Truth  
Tells him.

What is a Saint?  
A dashing brook in Spring  
Racing down the mountain  
Into the Lake of Love.  
A tireless flame,  
Unconsumed and desiring  
Consummation on the  
CROSS.

What is a saint?  
A poor, chaste, obedient soul  
Madly in love with God.

What is a saint?  
A joyful soul, awake to the  
Knowledge that each breath  
taken  
With great love  
Is increasing the nearness of  
his  
Goal,  
God  
And  
Heaven.

**The Rosary Crusade  
Should Last Forever**

"To form a spiritual crown of Rosaries to encircle the globe with peaceful good will," was merely an idea a few months ago. However, it seems, it was one of which Our Blessed Mother approved. For today it has become a reality.

The "Crown of Rosaries" has spread to 43 States in the U.S., and 9 foreign countries. The Rosaries promised total 2,460,000!

This crusade, inspired by the pope's plea to honor Mary during her year, was started by the Rev. Lawrence D. McGinley of Holy Trinity Church, Passaic, N.J., and Stephen R. Novak, of the Holy Name Society.

More Rosaries are needed. Crusade Headquarters asks your help. No donations will be accepted. Just send your name and address and the name of your church, together with the words: "I promise to say the Rosary every day during the Marian year at ... (time)" or "daily."

This is not a vow, so you incur no sin if you miss, or forget. Send this information to The Crown of Rosaries Crusade, 226 Harrison Street, Passaic. The Crusade ends Dec. 8th.

Why not start another Crusade that day? Why not start a Crusade for millions of Rosaries every day all over the world? Why not start a Rosary Crusade that will not end?

**A.M.D.G.**

There are no doors that I can open or shut — nor would — to Thee;  
There are no words that I can speak to shape my love;  
There are no thoughts that are not Thine;  
There are no deeds that are not of Thy doing;  
There is no breath that is not breathed for Thee;  
There is no hope, no joy, no sorrow, pain, nor weariness that is not lived in Thee;  
I love Thee with every motion, every heart-beat, every passing thought; But all this, in an awe and wonderment at Thy Love for me,  
So that often when I seem to close a door, it is not one that would keep me from Thee, but rather one

that I fear would admit that which would draw me from Thy Side, Thy Love, Thy Sacred Heart, in which I live.

So, my most Beloved, teach me the way to Thy Heart; Let me not have the power to withdraw from Thee, if it is indeed Thee who does beckon and stand waiting. My will was long ago renounced, and Thine enthroned; I have no will but Thine alone;

Lead me then, Lord, as Thou wouldst have me;

I am blind, and slow, and afraid of offending against Thy Mercy, and the Sweet Bounty of Thy Love.

Take me as Thine Own.

I would not live, could I not live for Thee;

I would not live, if I must be separated from Thee by any door of my own building.

Teach me the Way to Thy Heart;

Lead me, for every moment that I might separate myself from Thee in my blindness is a moment of love that is lost forever.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, I entrust myself entirely to Thee;

Our Lady of Grace, pray for me.

**To Mary —  
With Love**

—St. John Damascene

It is fitting that she who sheltered the Word in her womb should inhabit the tabernacle of her Son. And as Our Lord said it behooved Him to be concerned with His Father's business, so it behooved His Mother to dwell in the court of her Son, in the house of the Lord. It is fitting that the body of her who preserved her virginity in her motherhood should be kept from corruption after death. She who nursed her Creator at her breast had a right to be near Him in Heaven. The place of the bride whom the Holy Ghost had espoused was certainly in heaven.

It is fitting that she who saw her Son die on the cross and received the sword of pain she had not felt in childbirth, should gaze upon Him seated next to the Father. The Mother of God had a right to the possession of her Son, and as handmaid and Mother of God to the worship of all creation. The Son made all creation serve His Mother.

**Madonna House  
Press**

Though Madonna House Press does not do its own printing, but has it all done by the SERVICE PRESS, OF PEMBROKE, ONT., under the able direction of our good friend Mr. Christiansen, nevertheless many pamphlets are published by us. Here is a list now available to those interested in our humble Apostolate.

Staff Workers of Friendship House (Canadian Province) ..... 25c

Visiting Volunteers of Friendship House (Canadian Province) ..... 10c

Guests of Madonna House (Canadian Province) ..... 10c

Services of Madonna House (Canadian Province) ..... 10c

Also the following "DOHERTY'S BOOKS" are available to our readers:

Eddie Doherty:

Gall and Honey ..... 2.75

My Hay Ain't In ..... 2.75

Matt Talbot ..... 2.75

Tumbleweed ..... 2.75

Captain Marooner ..... 3.95

Splendor of Sorrows ..... 35

Martin De Porres ..... 25

Catherine De Hueck-Doherty:

Friendship House ..... 2.25

My Russian Yesterdays ..... 2.50

Dear Seminarian ..... 1.75

Dear Sister ..... 2.00

Where Love Is—

God Is ..... 2.25

Way of the Cross (Meditation) ..... 25

And Madonna House favorite hymn to Our Lady of Combermere. Music and words. 15c a sheet

A Special Holy Card with an old Marian Prayer ..... 1c a card

**God Bless You**

The orphans of the Don Bosco Technical School, in Shillong, Assam, India, ask your pity and help. Their Father Rector cannot support so many poor children without you, they say. They pray, and they beg, "in our own name, in the name of our superiors, and in the name of our good Jesus Who said 'Whatsoever you do for one of these little ones I will take as done to Me'."

Fr. A. Anthonyswamy, of the Roman Catholic Mission of Kaniyambadi P.O., N. Arcot, S. India, asks for funds to help build a chapel in honor of St. Anthony. "The people here are poor," he says, "but giving no thought to their own needs they dream of putting up this chapel. It is a dream of daring generosity. Their offerings for a whole year could scarcely vie with the widow's mite. Any offering from Canada and the United States will be a 'dew drop' from heaven."

And Fr. Wm. Lonardi, S.J., head of the Kannapuram Mission, Cherukunnu P.O., N. Malabar, India, needs money not only for a chapel but for a thousand other charities for his people who, he believes, are the poorest of the poor. God bless you.

**If Any One Love—**

—Fr. John

Be quiet my soul! Shut your eyes. Stop your ears. Shun the world.

Be quiet my soul! Stifle your mind. Strangle your memory. Silence your will.

For hidden in your depths, Obscured by the turmoil, Three dwell!

Turn to your Dwellers: In darkness cry—Credo! Amid weakness utter— Spero! With simplicity whisper— Amo!

Turn to your Dwellers: Rejoice in Their presence, Adorn Their holy temple, Love your divine Guests.

Three Persons, One God, Make Their abode In Thee.

**FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS**

(Continued from Page Two)

stressed. The Catholic religion, they assured everybody here, is stronger in China today than it ever was. And Our Lady is more ardently — and more widely — loved there than, perhaps, in any of the western nations that are still "at peace"!

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